

THE WATCHER.

He turned and smiled when he left me, my
bright-eyed bonnie lad,
He waved his hand at the cross-road: Ah
me, but my heart was sad;
I watched him pass the turnstile at the end
of the lovers' lane,
And my tears were dripping softly, like
drops on the window pane.

'Twas June when he passed the turnstile,
and now the fall is come,
The maples are decked in crimson, I can
hear the thresher hum
So I sit and knit in the doorway, and as
the needles play,
I sing the hymns we used to sing before he
went away.

How he loved the "Rock of Ages," with
its sweet old-fashioned tune;
Here side by side in the gloaming, we used
to sit and croon;
And in spite of the shrieking shrapnel, and
the bullets' searing flight,
I know that the ROCK OF AGES is there
in his trench to-night.

I set his place at the table, and pull up his
easy chair;
His slippers are in the corner, his pipe and
tobacco there;
The cover is turned on his bedstead, and
into his room I creep,
As I did when he was a baby, to see if he's
fast asleep.

Proud? Aye, I'm proud of my laddie, he's
all I had to give;
But he went with his mother's blessing,
that right and truth might live;
So I sit and knit in the doorway, from
early morn till late,
And listen, Ah I listen, for the click of the
garden gate!

J. SYDNEY ROE.

Ottawa.

OUR DEAD AND WOUNDED.

E. VAN SCOPEL.

Friends of E. Van Scopel, a Calgary letter carrier, are reluctantly coming to believe that the young man fell in action in Flanders some months ago. No definite news of him has been received since the second battle of Ypres. He is not with his regiment, nor in hospital, nor is he reported from any German prison.

Van Scopel had been a resident of Calgary for some years and was a recruit of the 103rd Rifles of that city.

D. M. DARGIE.

D. M. Dargie, a railway mail clerk of the Vancouver district, who went overseas with the reinforcements for the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, met early misfortune at the front. Within a week from the time he left England he was back again with shrapnel wounds in the neck, arm and leg. He may lose his right hand. David Malcolm Dargie is twenty-six years of age and entered the postal service three years ago.

GEORGES HUGUET.

Georges Huguet, of the Department of Public Works, a reservist of the French army, who answered the first call to arms and whose misfortunes in being seriously wounded and in losing his young wife have already been related in *The Civilian*, is believed to have been killed in the recent heavy fighting in the Champagne region. Private Henri Gauthier, of the 2nd Battalion of Colonial Infantry, in which Huguet was a sergeant, writes that the Ottawan was seen to fall in action, shot in the head, and has not been reported since.

HECTOR CHEVILLARD.

Hector Chevillard, formerly of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, corporal in the 356th Regiment of the French army, was killed in the Woevre region after a short military career, eminently distinguished for courage and ability. His family has been awarded the much-prized Military Cross in memory of his services. Fuller details of Corp. Chevillard's record as a soldier will be found elsewhere in this issue.

J. SAIDLER.

Private J. Saidler, 3rd Battalion, C.E.F., (formerly of the 9th Bat-